The Shooe-maker's Triumph:

BEING

A Song in Praiſe of the Gentle-Craft, ſhewing how Royal Princes, Sons of Kings, Lords, and great Commanders, have been Shooe-makers of old, to the Honour of this ancient Trade; as it was ſung at a General Aſſembly of Shooe-makers, on the 25th of *Octob.* 1695, being St. *Criſpin*

To the Tune of, *The Evening Ramble*, &c.

Written by RICHARD RIGBEY, *a Brother of the Craft.*



I Sing in the Praiſe of Shooe-makers,
whoſe Honour no Perſon can ſtain,
In every Age they dare to Engage,
and Victory ſtill they did gain;
No Craft in the World can compare
with Shooe-making, for I declare,
Who reads but the Story, will ſet forth their Glory,
commending them every-where,
As Perſons of honoured Fame and Renown;
Then let not their Glory be trampled down.

Sir *Hugh* was a Prince and a Lover,
yet learned the Shooe-making Trade,
Which yielded Relief, when Sorrow and Grief,
in Travel, had made him diſmaid;
When he of his Love was deny'd,
he croſſed the Ocean ſo wide,
Returning ſoon after, then with a King's Daughter
a Glorify'd Martyr he dy'd.
Thus Shooe-makers have been true Men of Renown,
Then let not their Glory for ever go down.

There's *Criſpine*, and brave *Criſpianus*,
both Brothers, and Sons to a King,
In Sorrow and Woe, from Court they did go,
when under a Shooe-maker's Wing
Protection and Safety they found,
for 'Prentices ſtraight they were bound;
Diſguiſed like Strangers, from perilous Dangers,
this Harbour of Safety they found:
Thus Princes of honoured Fame and Renown,
Hath Shooe-makers been, that was Heirs to a Crown.

Young *Criſpine* he won the fair Daughter
of *Great Maximinus*, for who
Admitted could be, but verily he,
to draw on fair *Urſula*'s Shooe,
That honoured Lady of Fame,
for when to the Palace he came,
He ſoon was admitted, the Shooes being fitted,
this Royal Young Beautiful Dame
Beſought him for Marriage, though Heir to the Cro
Thus Shooe-makers have been brave Lords of Renow

His Brother went forth as a Souldier,
well arm'd, to the *Gallican* Shore,
Where thouſands he kill'd; they never beheld
ſuch conquering Courage before,
The Work being ſpeedily done,
and the Enemy forced to run;
Their General Gallant, Couragious and Valia
was likewiſe a Shooe-maker's Son:
Thus loaded with honoured Fame and Renown,
Then let not brave Shooe-makers Glory go down.

Sir *Simon*, Lord-Mayor of fair *London*,
he was a Shooe-maker by Trade,
Who, while he was Mayor, the Truth to declare,
a Dinner of Fritters he made,
Inviting the 'Prentices all,
who readily came at his Call;
That Day they were merry, with Bowls of *Canary*,
for he from his Word would not fall:
Thus good Simon Eyre, *of Fame and Renown,*
He was a Shooe-maker, and Lord of the Town.

Thus Valliant and Noble Shooe-makers
the City and Court did Adorn;
For Deeds they have done, a Shooe-maker's Son,
I tell you, *he is a Prince born*;
There's no other Trade in the Land,
had ever ſuch Royal Command,
For Honour and Glory; then read but the Story,
then, then you will ſoon underſtand,
That Shooe-makers they have been fam'd for Renown,
Then let not their Triumph and Honour go down.

Printed for *C. Bates*, at the *Sun* and *Bible* in *Pye-corn*

☞ There is likewiſe newly Writ and Printed a Book intitul'd, **The Shooe-maker's Glory: or, The Princely Hiſtory of the Gentle-Cr**
Shewing what Renowned Princes, Hero's and Worthies have been of the Shooe-maker's Trade, both in this and other Kingd
likewiſe why it is call'd, The Gentle-Craft; and that they ſay, A Shooe-maker's Son is a Prince born. To which this Song is added
Price Two-pence.